

THEY ARE IN LOVE—BARKS THEM!

Stare, do you hear you stare?  
Why stare, you stare, do stare?  
This might be altered out  
A goodly tale of love  
The blood rushed through my brain—  
Then kisses came like rain  
Upon a parched lip  
Light streamed from pole to pole,  
The air became perfume,  
And all my barren soul  
Burst into green and bloom.  
Oh, hour that bankrupt joy,  
But perfect nature's plan—  
This moment I was a boy  
And now I am a man.

WHAT SHE SAYS.  
My hope has then come true—  
He loves me, so he said;  
How fast my pulses flew—  
My cheek, it burned, how red!  
Some things I seemed to hear,  
Oh, hope how faint and dim!  
Was it through eye or ear?  
He told his heart to me?  
So high he seemed to stand,  
My hope grew faint and dim;  
His love came like a hand  
And drew me up to him.  
Within me, all is light—  
How, why, I cannot say;  
For me, night is not night,  
And day is more than day!  
And thus my hope comes true—  
Oh, hope how faint and dim!  
And so what can I do  
But love and live for him?

KATY DID FIND THE BEAR'S HOUSE.

"Where you do, Toinin Taty!" piped a tow-headed urchin, as he hung upon the gate, beside which stood a handsome horse, whose flashing eyes, small, nervous ears, and restless motions spoke as plainly as words his impatience to be going. His chestnut coat was like satin; dark in the shade, but with a golden glint in the sun.

"Tousin Taty" came sweeping down the path, in trailing habit, high hat and riding gloves, and giving the tow-head a tweak of the nose and a kiss, replied mischievously. "Do in to woods to find a bear's house."

"Don't go far, Katy," called the mother of the urchin, from the house door. "These Jersey woods roads are all alike, and you are a perfect stranger, you know, and it will be the easiest thing in the world for you to get lost. And if you should, you might ride for hours without seeing a house or any person to direct you home."

"Oh, there's not a bit of danger, aunty. If I should get lost, which I don't propose to do, the horse won't. He'll bring me back all right. Won't you, old fellow?"—stooping from her saddle and patting his glossy neck. "You'll not see me again till tea time, mind that," she shouted back, as she cantered gaily away.

There was a hint of rain in the soft moist October air, and in the light clouds that at times hid the face of the sun; but to Katy, fresh from the prairie countries of the West, there was something so new and delicious, and alluring in the shadowy stillness of the pines, their murmurous whispering, and obnoxious like of time and distance; now threading some old unused "wood road," a winding avenue, shut in overhead by interlacing branches, and carpeted underfoot with the "needles" of the pine, and now emerging suddenly into a grassy opening—once a cultivated field—with the remains of a human habitation yet visible—a heap of broken bricks, an old well, an apple tree or two, and a clump of sweet briar—and then plunging again into the pleasing gloom of the pines. Once or twice she passed a house with a few sandy fields about it, and ragged, sunburnt children playing upon the roadside.

She bethought herself at last to look at her watch, and was thunderstruck to find that she had been out two hours, and that it was past six o'clock. Her aunt's tea hour was five, so quickly turning her horse's head, she gave him the rein and began retracing her steps, chiding herself severely for the anxiety which her long absence would cause her aunt.

"Come, Barney, my lad!" said she, "let us get home, now, as quickly as we can. We'll leave the bear's house till another time. It was your part of the contract to take me home, you remember; so the responsibility of our getting there safely, rests entirely upon you. I wash my hands of the affair altogether."

self at the edge of a considerable clearing, where in the gathering dusk she distinguished what she took to be a small, dark, and a little distance two or three dwelling houses. Before she had hardly time to collect her thoughts, Barney had cleared the space between them, and the gate of the largest of these latter, where he proclaimed their presence by another resounding neigh.

"Well done, sir," said Katy. "You've announced me very becomingly, I must say!" And then, after waiting a few moments, she continued, "sitting the action to the word, 'Well, as no one seems disposed to appear, I think I'll dismount and go in!'"

She knocked twice or thrice at the open door, and receiving no answer, stepped inside out of the rain, whispering to herself as she did so, "And the old bears were not at home!"

A snapper table, neatly laid for one person, stood in the middle of the room, and at one side there was a parlor organ; open and with a variety of sheet music scattered over the keys. Katy was seized with an insane desire to seat herself and play a tune; but before she had time to do so wild a thing, she heard a strong springing step outside, a glad whinny from Barney, and a cheery "Hello, old fellow! You here?" in reply.

"By and by the old bears came home," thought Katy, and smiled, as a portly figure darkened the doorway, and the same cheery voice that had greeted Barney, said, "Good-evening! I suppose there's some one here—it's too dark to see. I'll have a light directly. I've just been out to get my daily allowance of milk. My housekeeper has left me alone for a few days, and I am enjoying the luxury of waiting upon myself. I like it well enough, but I get a trifle behind hand with my culinary operations sometimes."

Talking on in this strain, he proceeded to light the lamp, and placing it upon the table, he turned toward his guest; and then Katy saw that he was a man of apparently 40 years of age, with a somewhat florid face, clean shave excepting the upper lip, which was covered by a heavy mustache of light brown, a full, keen blue eye, a nose slightly aquiline, hair a shade darker than the mustache, and altogether, what she pronounced a decidedly handsome man, though rather stout in figure.

A slight shadow of surprise crossed his face at encountering a lady and a stranger. Surprise, however, quite unmixed with displeasure; and surely the man must be a misanthrope past salvation, who could feel displeasure at sight of Katy's bright dark face; at this time, flushed and eager, with a dash of anxiety, embarrassment and fun visible in the brown eyes and fine mobile features.

Lifting his hat, he bowed, and then hastily bringing forward a chair, asked her to be seated.

"Thanks, no," she replied, and then in a few words made him acquainted with her situation, adding: "I trusted to Barney there to take me home, and he has brought me here instead. Could you oblige me by sending some one to guide me to my uncle's, Mr. William Dare?"

"Thank you," he replied with evident pleasure. "Well, then, allow me to show you to Mrs. Page's room, and to beg of you to make yourself quite at home here. And while you are exchanging your wet clothing for dry, I will attend to the wants of my friend Barney; and then we will partake of my bachelor's fare."

Katy quickly exchanged her wet riding habit for a clean, dark calico wrapper, with a neatly crimped muslin ruffle at the neck, and then returned to the supper room. She tasted "the big bear's porridge," she thought, as she seated herself at the table, and took the proffered cup of tea from her entertainer.

The meal over and the table cleared, Dr. Ray brought forward a huge portfolio of drawings and engravings. When these were exhausted—which was not soon, for Katy was an enthusiastic admirer of pictures, and there were anecdotes and adventures, and legends connected with many of them, that she must hear—they turned with one impulse to the organ. They were both thorough performers and ardent admirers of music; and as piece after piece was played and commented upon and criticised, the time went by all unheeded until 12 o'clock surprised them still at the instrument.

"I am profoundly grateful to Barney for this evening's solid enjoyment," said the doctor, as he handed Katy her bed-room candle, and bade her good-night.

Katy's aunt and the Tow Head were waiting at the gate the next morning, when she, accompanied by Dr. Ray, drew rein before it.

"Oh you good-for-nothing Barney!" said Mrs. Dare, shaking her fist at the horse. "I called for you, Katy, to tell you of his undying affection for Dr. Ray, but couldn't make you hear. I ought to have thought of it sooner. I was a little uneasy about you, but no one else was. They all said that you were safe enough with Mrs. Page."

"For my part," said Katy, stroking Barney's glossy neck, "I don't see how anybody could bear to sell a horse that manifests so much intelligence and devotion. I'm sure that I never could."

"I'd buy him back this minute," said Dr. Ray, impulsively, if—"He stopped quite as suddenly, looking somewhat confused at the inquiring glances bent upon him; and singularly enough, it was six months or more before he finished the sentence, although there is no doubt but that Katy guessed its purport long before that time.

For fear some of my readers do not feel sure what it was, I will report it verbatim: "If the girl he brought me one stormy night were my wife."

THE WINE CUP.

Drinking Among the Fashionable Women. The coroner's inquest in the Bravo case, in England, says the New York Star, brought out many startling facts concerning the manner of life of a family which moved in a high circle of English society and enjoyed all the advantages and luxuries of wealth. The revelation made of the moral character of both Mr. and Mrs. Bravo is of a sort to awaken thought, if not to excite great surprise, in any one who knows something of the tone of modern fashionable society.

But there is only one of the facts disclosed, a skeleton snatched from the closet of the Bravo household, to which we shall now refer. It is that which concerns the drinking habits of Mrs. Bravo. It seems that she was an inordinate consumer of intoxicating liquors, and was not a stranger to actual drunkenness. On the night of her husband's poisoning she was so far gone under the effects of a bottle of sherry, to say nothing of drinks between drinks, that she was unable to comprehend the exact situation when it was explained to her.

Nor was this an exceptional experience with her. She was in the habit of getting into that condition, and the fact was known to all her servants. Yet she was a lady who frequented the country houses of the English nobility, and, previous to the poisoning of her husband, spite of her intrigue with Dr. Gully, and her drinking propensities, was welcomed in high society, and bore a character which had not been reproached.

The fact regarding the drunkenness of Mrs. Bravo suggests the inquiry whether there was not some truth in the declaration of a London newspaper, a few years ago, that fashionable women were too much given to tipping. The evidence indeed accumulates, that the statements then made were founded in fact. The tendency of fashionable women to get into the habit of using stimulants is something of which every physician in large practice is aware; and the deplorable results which come from it, hidden from the knowledge of their acquaintances, but necessarily known to their doctors, are of a sort to warn all women against seeking to gain the artificial excitement to be got out of alcoholic stimulants.

It is undoubtedly true that many of our women who indulge in the dissipations of fashionable society are given to drinking champagne and even spirituous liquors. The practice also is growing, and its baleful results are apparent to any one who is well acquainted with the lovely creatures who adorn our gay saloons of fashion. Not long ago a young girl, who had developed a charming capacity for music and a happy social tact, became so hopeless a victim of dipsomania that she was taken to an asylum, where her appetite could be restrained—a complete and shattered wreck at the opening of womanhood. This is only one case out of many. The habit starts with the experience of the stimulating effects of liquor after the exhaustion of fashionable dissipation, or when it is desired to start a gayety that does not come spontaneously. The stimulant soon and easily becomes a necessity, and before she herself is aware of it the woman is a toper.

Within the last twenty years the freedom with which women drink wines and other liquors has become greater and greater. There are some of them in fashionable life who really seem to have stronger heads than men, and to be able to carry their wine, brandy, and liquors with a steady gait and a tongue in no wise thickened; but the more delicate nervous organization of a woman causes the effects of the strain to be more serious than in the case of a man. A woman, too, who once acquires the habit of drinking is apt to consume an enormous amount of liquor of all sorts. If our physicians who practice among the fashionable people of the city could reveal their knowledge on this subject, it would astound the public.

The Servian Retreat.

It was a horrible nightmare, that march from Saitcher. Cannon roaring, flames lighting up the valley, gusts of thick smoke driven athwart the hill flanks, the heavens lightning flashing against the lightning of man, a narrow, steep road crammed with fugitives fleeing from the cannon thunder, blazing smoke, women clamoring wildly that the Turk is close behind them, children shrieking or sobbing, animals, oxen, sheep, swine, poultry, in an inextricable entanglement on the Via Dolorosa. Ask these miserable, panic-stricken fugitives, enshroued forward as if the plague chased them, how they like war. No. Ask this man with knitted brow and quivering lips, who, with musket on one shoulder, child on the other, strides on through the mud, thinking of the crops on his acres that he leaves behind, already golden with harvest hues. Ask these two soldiers, each with bullet-hole through the right hand, how they relish war now, as they tramp homeward, weary not to glory. Is it not time to interfere in a struggle which is not war, to breast to breast, man to man, weapon to weapon, but agony unspeakable to fugitive women and children? To the nightmare of horror succeeded a day even more heart-rending. For hours there raged on the lofty shoulder of Urtani, above thousands of exposed fugitive families, a thunder-storm of a violence I have never seen equaled in the tropics. Hail-stones as big as walnuts dashed down among the miserable creatures already crouched, and standing or lying in pools of water. The wail of the children, the shrieks of the women, the rushing of horses and cattle, amid the lurid gloom of this terrible storm, seemed like a foretaste of the day of judgment.—Belgrade Cor. London Daily News.

A Resurrectionist.

Prof. Nixon, who does business under the firm name of Egyptian Prophet and Enchanter, performed his resurrection trick near Charleston, S. C., a short time ago. He was buried in a pine coffin six feet under ground, and at the end of half an hour burst from the tomb at the sound of a brass bugle blown by a colored Gabriel, and immediately called for a drink of whisky. The grave was six feet long and six feet deep. About eight inches from the headboard the trickster had dug a blind well about six feet deep. This was roofed with thin

boards about a foot and a half below the surface, and these were covered with earth. When the coffin was lowered into its place and the grave was filled up, the corpse knicked out the headboard and grubbed his way through the six inches of earth that separated him from the blind well. Crawling into it, and having enough air to keep him alive for several hours, he quietly awaited the signal for resurrection.

Fall Fashions.

Sleeves are no longer worn very tight; a seam carried to the elbow is now used; but few flaring or open sleeves are made.

Turbans will probably be the fashionable round hat, next season; but, instead of being worn far forward as at present, they are to be placed far back on the coiffure, as bonnets are now worn.

Cherries, currants and other small fruits are used, not only for trimming bonnets and hats for the country, but on evening dresses of white tulle or muslin are fringes of cherries or of berries pendant from their stems in a natural manner.

Ear-rings made of black velvet or of watered ribbon are in fashion abroad. The ribbon is doubled and held by a small buckle of silver or of cut steel for day wear, or of pearls or diamonds for full dress. At the back of the bow is a ring for passing through the lobe of the ear.

Monogram stockings, to be worn with low walking-shoes, are worked on the instep; as this fashion is not confined to the ladies, monogram stockings have shared with gloves the honor of being lost and won at the races.

Cardinal red is the only wear just now. Whether she be brunette or blonde, as dusky as a Cuban or as fair as a Danish princess, no lady, unless she utterly repudiates fashion, can go without it. Fashion has declared that this sanguinary shade does "become" every height, breadth and complexion, and the eternal laws of harmony of color go for nothing.

Fall bonnets have close-fitting capotes, fronts with high, pointed crowns. The front or brim is so close that only a slight pleating of lace or silk, or else a small twist is allowed for face trimming, with perhaps a little cluster of flowers, stuck on the edge of the brim. Many of these high-peaked crowns are too prone to please ladies of taste, but a happy medium is found in lower tapering crowns that preserve enough of the sharp outline to be stylish. Velvet reasserts itself as the handsomest material for dress-bonnets. Indications are that felt has had its day of popularity, except for second-best bonnets; the coarseness of American felts has brought it into disfavor. There is an effort to revive plush as a fabric for bonnets, but it has not been largely bought by American buyers. Long and ample strings, to be tied under the chin, will be found on most imported bonnets. These strings are of the ribbons known to milliners as Nos. 16 and 22. The handsomest ribbons are gros-grain on one side and satin on the other.—Harper's Bazar.

Corsets and Bustles.—Lace corsets are made of strong white or ecru linen net, with supple bones, and are edged with Valenciennes or with Mechlin lace, and brightened by narrow ribbons of blue or scarlet around the top. These are of French make, with low bosom darts, and quite short on the hips. They cost from \$10 to \$14. Among expensive thin corsets probably the coolest are those of grass linen, either white or ecru, with coult center pieces passing around the waist to give them strength. They cost \$1.25. Grass linen is also used for the long, slender bustles now in fashion. In some models the grass linen has cases for bones, and is shaped like the back of a hoop-skirt; these cost \$2.50. Others have lengthwise puffs and pleated frills of the grass linen sewed on a plain foundation. Main bustles, entirely covering the bones in them, and arranged so that the bones may be easily removed when the bustle is to be washed, are \$3.50. The light skeleton bustles, with covers for the bottom hoops, are preferred by many; these cost \$2.75 when well made. Ladies who object to using hoops of any kind make their bustles of crinoline flounces. They buy four yards of the crinoline muslin for each bustle. This has thick cords crossing each other, washes well, retains the starch, and costs twenty cents a yard. A long sloping foundation is cut, and is then covered with flounces of the same gathered on cords and starched stuffy.—Harper's Bazar.

Deadwood City and its People.

On Sunday afternoon, after two days more of the roughest riding I ever experienced, our wearisome march was ended at Deadwood City. The town lies in the bottom of a long and deep gulch, through which Deadwood and Whitewater creeks wind their tortuous way close beside each other. The name of the region is derived from the vast number of dead pine trees which line the hillsides in all directions, and lend a gaunt and spectral appearance to the landscape. The city itself lies through a greater part of the gulch bottom, and consists of a double row of rough board and log cabins lying on either side of the single street. The day of our arrival being Sunday, the town was thronged with miners, who had come in from their claims in the vicinity to spend a tithe of their vast earnings for the week. Standing at the head of the thoroughfare, and looking over the long stream of moving humanity, I estimated the number of persons to be about 5,000. Gambling saloons, dance houses and bar-rooms were all in full play, opening publicly from the street. A little knot of people gathered with uncovered heads in the middle of the roadway marked the progress of an afternoon prayer-meeting—the full solemnity of worship, surrounded by the reckless hilarity of a frontier mining camp. The contrast was sharp and striking. A general view of the faces which surrounded me as I passed up the street was not conducive to a favorable preconception of the character of the inhabitants. A rougher and more desperate looking crowd, generally speaking, I never saw. Horse-thieves, gamblers, murderers, surrounded me on every side. New mining camps are the refuge for all outlaws from civilization.—Letter to Springfield Republican.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

Strength for to-day is all that we need. As there never will be a to-morrow For to-morrow will prove but another to-day With its measure of joy and sorrow. Then why forecast the trials of life With such grave and sad persistence, And watch and wait for a crowd of ills That as yet has no existence? Strength for to-day—what a precious boon For the earnest soul who labors For the willing hands that minister To the needy friend or neighbor. Strength for to-day—that the weary hearts In the battle for right may quail not; And the eyes bedimmed with latter tears, In their search for light, may fail not. Strength for to-day, on the downhill track, For the travelers near the valley That up, far up on the other side, Ere long they may safely rally. Strength for to-day—that our precious youth May happily shun temptation, And build from the rise to the set of sun On a strong and sure foundation. Strength for to-day—in house and home To practice forbearance sweetly; To exhort kind words and loving deeds, Still true in God completely. Strength for to-day—in all that we need, As there never will be a to-morrow; For to-morrow will prove but another to-day, With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Wit and Humor.

A FEATHERED FRAUD.—The gull. BUSINESS CIRCLES.—The wheels of trade. COUNTER-CLAIMS.—Your wife's shopping bills.

With what faculty ought a common street thief to be eminently endowed? Purse-pick-acity.—Punch.

"I YIELDED to his earnest persuasions," as the young widow said, after trying two years to catch an old bachelor.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.—Thoreau.

"What would you like?" said Jones, the other night, to Miss Smith, as he led her into the refreshment room. "Pop," was the blushing answer. Jones didn't see it.

An old gentleman, whose nose was not only very large, but very highly colored, was asked by George IV. how much it had taken to paint it. "Sire," was his reply, "I cannot tell you, for it is not finished yet."

The new necktie for ladies is made in the shape of a bell, and is called the Centennial belle. It is very costly, and is very true to nature, except that the tongue is too small and isn't hung on the middle.

Of a picture of Moses in the bulrushes, where Miss Pharaoh seems to be "leaving him to be drowned," the Philadelphia Bulletin wants to know "whether it is a water-culver or a Nile painting."

Here is a Manchester, N. H., obituary, of the "I'll never tell" style: Benjamin Marston died in 1794, being 97 years old. Art thou curious, Reader, to know What sort of a man he was? Wait Till the day of final Retribution And thou shalt be satisfied.

Says a Boston paper: "When we come to think of it, there is but very little difference between a postage stamp and a boy hanging on behind a cab. The first you have to lick to make it stay on, while the latter you have to lick to make him stay off."

An old miser, saying he never felt so mean as he did just after his last fit of illness, was asked, "Why so?" "Because," said he, "thinking I was going to die, I paid several bills, when if I'd waited I might have kept the money, nobody knows how long."

When a common school teacher in Virginia found upon his examination papers the question: "How does a ship at sea find its latitude and longitude?" he arose to the occasion and promptly wrote: "It finds its longitude hot and its latitude cold."

A 5-YEAR-OLD BOY, who had always closed her prayers with "and God help Katy to be a good girl," opened her eyes at that point, the other night, and said very decidedly: "I ain't going to say the rest, for I don't want to be a good girl, I want to eat green apples and swallow 'em."

"If you don't hit the cat on the back-yard fence with the first peach stone you throw at it the trouble is you have to keep on eating peaches until you do."—Boston Globe. Peach stones! Why don't you snap apple seeds at the monster if you wish to knock its head off.—Graphic.

The boy that corrected his mother, and called the table-cloth a sheet when she had company, at night took a different view of things, as he occasionally caught glimpses of a floating slipper that fluttered in the air in eccentric gyrations. One could see how early in the stormy years of this brief life, one may begin to suffer for the truth.

"Taxi baby was doubled up with the cramps," says the Brooklyn Argus, "and yelling at the rate of a mile a minute, as the father and mother stood over the crib with the landanum bottle between them. 'No, Mariar,' he said, gently but firmly, 'you pour it out; that child's growing so much 'at your mother that I can't trust myself.'"

They had scarcely got back from the funeral, and the bereaved husband had but bitten into a sandwich when his oldest boy came up from the cellar with his face aglow with distress. "Oh, pa," he breathlessly exclaimed, "The bung has come out of the cider barrel, and it's all over the cellar." "Well, I declare," gasped the stricken man in a despairing voice, "One trouble follows right on the heels of another. First my wife went, and now it's the cider. I shan't try to live."

Carlotta.

A few days since, the poor crazy Empress Carlotta escaped from the Chateau de Lacken, where she is still under care. After finding her, it was difficult to make so at length by the stratagem of flinging flowers before her, as she is very fond of flowers.